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1/31/86

Dear Robin:

It's hard to believe that it's already the end of January. Seems like it was just Christmas. We started the New Year with a bang here. The washing machine started leaking and then we found out we had a gas leak. At least when they turned off the gas the daytime temperatures were in the 60's. One plumber came out & said it would cost \$600.00 to replace the gas line. Called another one and got lucky. He fixed several things for only \$83.00. It turns out the leak was just down from the meter. Two days later

We had our gas back on.

Met Father & Joe for David's birthday dinner last week. The only problem was David had to work until 1:00 A.M. The power went out just as he was ready to leave work.

Scott's trip to Japan sounded fantastic!

We're going to the basketball game this afternoon. We're playing New Mexico. So far the Hivers have a 17-3 season and are rated 19th in the nation. The most exciting game was back in December when they beat Georgetown. (BEAT U. OF NEW MEXICO BY 14 POINTS. 20 LATER)

And hurray for the Chicago Bears!
Love,
Dorothy



The University of Texas at El Paso

February 1, 1986

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

317 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

You know about my execrable typing, but this

is even worse because I've just awakened from a post-prandial nap

William Frederick Sutter, M. D.

P. O. Box 170

Ludington, Michigan 49431

in which I awoke and slept again; so that I'm

surprised I can even find the "k" key.

Dear Fred (Bill):

Didn't know about the Frederick until now.

¹
~~The~~ almost wrote you a few days ago to thank you again for the big batch of Capoten (which is ^{now} down about where it was when when the windfall fell) and decided to wait to write until I had bought a ~~refill~~ ~~refill~~ when here comes a bigger haul of Moduretic, bigger (1) because ~~two~~ two of the little bottles had been crammed full (more'n two hundred; which means to me someone in your office, less likely you yourself, emptied little bottles into the two little ones, ^{modern 2 by 10 vials.} to save on little bottle postage: I say 200 because I lost count somewhat near the end and estimated) and (2) Moduretic is the most expensive pill I ever had prescribed for me (27¢ each).

If you filled the little bottles, kiss the back of your hand for me in appreciation; if some lady in your office did it, please grab her and give her a sound buss on the cheek for me. Show this to Barb and she won't mind.

The huge supply of Moduretic'll last longer than the Capoten did, because my daily consumption of Capoten is two, and Moduretic is one.

And while you're in a bussing mood kiss your Barbie Doll for me. You two have a special place for me, since I was privileged to produce the cake knife on cue in Ann Arbor, confirmed resoundingly when you trouped so long and far to see us (and Barb got the Robin old letters). Thanks again and again. And love to all, Joe Joe

Frederick is nothing to be ashamed of: got its first big send-off, my guess, from Frederick the Great.

from

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO

JOSEPH M. RAY

Professor Emeritus
President Emeritus

2 2 86

Barb:

My letter for this round got lost enroute. It
wasn't much, I guess. Love,

Uncle Joe

Feb. 24, 1986

Dear Robins,

Forgive the paper, but I'm writing this at the Pittsburgh airport, waiting for a plane to Louisville. I had no writing paper, but plane is delayed, so this seemed a good way to use the time.

I certainly enjoyed all the letters this time around, but sorry to hear about the various illnesses and mishaps. Glad all are better now.

My Fall musical, "Chicago" had a good run, but because of lax work by the publicity people, we lost money for the 1st time in many years. The audiences had a good time, though.

As Dad mentioned, the response to the Japanese tour has been very gratifying, and they wanted us to return this year for a month. But they were unable to book a theatre! Next year looks very good, though. Naturally I would love to return, and also go to China & other countries. Well see.

Our producer had copies of the videotape of the Japan TV show made and gave them to each tour member. Nice souvenir. Also, the Ky. Dept. of Tourism made us all "Ky. Good Will Ambassadors" (with official certificate) and we have all been made Ky. Colonels!! The state threw a reunion weekend in Jan. for tour company - dinner,

drinks, and overnight accommodations at one of the state park lodges. They had a grand time, I'm told.

We have about $\frac{1}{2}$ the company members returning from last season, so we'll have many new faces this year.

I spent New Year's in Cancun Mexico. Very nice. I recommend it. Fairly inexpensive, good air rates down. Weather warm but not oppressive. Spectacular fine white sand beaches. It's a completely planned resort - 15 years ago it was jungle. City services good - can drink the water. Cheap + frequent buses and taxis. Many people own condos or time-share apts. there. Lots of Canadians. ~~ed~~ Almost everyone speaks some English, especially in hotels and shops. Many Michiganders there also, which, considering the North Country weather, was probably a great pleasure for them! It was a relaxing and pleasant week.

By the way, there is also some talk of taking "Foster" to Pittsburgh for some kind of celebration they're ~~be~~ having in Fall, 1987. And we are trying to arrange an appearance in the Macy Parade this year. I'll keep you posted.

Good health to all!!!

Happy Easter + May Day!

Love,

Scott

511 Park Drive
Lebanon, Ky. 40033
March 3, 1986

Dear Folks,

Reading the Robin is like enjoying a pleasant visit with all of you, so welcome on a gloomy, shivery March day.

Somehow we escaped the flu which was rampant in these parts in January + February.

Bill Sutter, your detached retina ordeal must have been scary. So glad you're straightened out now.

Gam, we didn't have basement steps when our children were babies, but if we had had I'm sure one of the girls would have found a way to tumble down them. Irisine once had to have stitches in her forehead because at age two she thought it would be fun to run in the yard with a bucket over her head. A couple of years ago Audrey fell on top of her + broke Irisine's collar bone. Audrey herself broke off a front permanent tooth last year — with a telephone! The list could go on + on. I guess girls are more rambunctious than boys in general, at least early on. Rob may be an

unusual case, but he never seemed to break any bones, require any stitches, or get into half as many scrapes as our "dainty" little girls.

Rob is a freshman now & has much enjoyed being on the basketball team. He is about 5'6" or so now but his aim is to reach 6 feet plus. I've told him not to hold his breath, but he has a Saturn first cousin who's 6'4," so I guess there's a possibility. He plays trombone in the band and is also a member of our high school's one-year-old academic team, which participates in competitions around the state.

I must get this in the mail,

Love,
Sylvia

William F. Sutter, M.D.
220 SOUTH JAMES STREET
LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN 49431

3-25-86

Dear Robins:

Look at that date, Just 9 months
to Christmas. Our snow is almost all gone.

First an accounting of the family:
Pam, Her Grandmother and Her Daughter are
down in Kentucky visiting relatives. Quick
trip, down Saturday and back tomorrow. They
got there alright and the word is that Abby
is a good traveler.

Sue is still teacher of "The Learning tree"
they visited the Post office (each made sure
their valentine got mailed) The Bank

OLD ROBINS LETTER
PACK TO BANK

(each one got a quarter, as a sample of money) and the Hospital (the skeleton and the elevator were the most impressive things).

Laura has set August 16th as the date of her wedding. Boy from Joliet - Family in the Wholesale Plumbing, heating and Cooling business, Very nice fellow.

Eric is waiting word on his car to see either the illness is terminal or not. In the meantime he is without wheels.

Bonk is getting worked up about the coming School board election, hoping her people will be elected. The Millage issue lost so they have been busy figuring where to cut expenses.

Life goes on as usual for me. Plenty to interest me but no major problems. Getting along great with the eyes except of

William F. Sutter, M.D.

220 SOUTH JAMES STREET
LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN 49431

reading distance, where the one muscle isn't strong enough and still see double. Pam gets me "talking Books" and they are great. Can do well enough to get the newspapers and look up things in the medical books when needed, but after a while it gets ~~to~~ you. Still feel very fortunate.

Pam is now Head of the library and seems to really enjoy it. She has a lot of energy and gets the spirit into most of her staff.

Have been enjoying the Basketball. NCAA. My team didn't last very long but there were some great games. Watching some of these coaches, you wonder if they are going to make it.

I realize I'm not a Charter member of
this "bird" and only get included by way
of marriage (one of the best things that ever
happened to me) I would hate to see it
slow to two rounds a year. Hope it is
back to us before July 4th this time.

Love to all and may the Easter
Bunny bring all of you
lots of eggs.

Bill S.

April 8, 1916

Dear Robin,

Fam and Mother are back from a quick trip to Kentucky but I forgot to get the Robin to Mom when she was lost here. She has been galloping about Michigan to various churches and missions this week. I will try to catch her home one day this week so we can get this bird limping along.

We have had a beautiful spring so far. It has been warmer and nicer than I ever remember. I have been getting summer clothes out today and even hope to wear them soon. Our fruit farmers are worried as the trees are going

to bloom too soon. We have a friend who raised evergreen trees and ships great quantities as soon as he can dig them in the spring. He has been looking for cold storage space to keep the seedlings in until they can ship them as they are budding, too.

All this talk about pictures reminds me that I have some to send. Bill got me a little Kodak disk camera to take to Russia, and I have really enjoyed it. It has a built in flash and is about the size of a package of cigarettes so fits nicely in my purse.

Uncle Joe you mentioned Bill's name being the same as the Kaisers - you should see some of the

Piped we have with a picture of
Hesse Wilhelm on it. He's a dead
ringer for Bill, mustaches and all.

Celeste talk of a copperhead in
the wood pile reminds me of one
story I've heard about the death
of my grandfather Ray. Someone
told me once that he was logging
and was bitten by a copperhead
and just went on working and
that his death was due to the bite.
Is that what you were told Uncle
Goe?

We missed Aunt Jettie in this
round. I hope you are feeling better
next round.

Sylvia, didn't Bob write at one
time? How is Uncle Brown these

days?

Mother just called to remind me that today is Aunt Louella's 80th birthday. Emily is going to ~~try~~ to arrange a conference call at 10:00 P.M. so I will take the Rolan over to Mom when I go to take part in the call.

We are going to take a flying trip to Kentucky in May to see all of the relatives we can squeeze in. Have to be back for a big 25th anniversary party. Bill's office girl is having and can't leave before the medical society meeting concludes in Detroit. We may need to work in a visit to Joliet to meet the prospective bridegroom's parents, also.

Love,

Baba

4/15/86

BARB - DLP LETTERS

Dear Folks,

Would you believe that it is snowing in Michigan on Income Tax Day? Actually I have seen only a few flakes. We have had a nice spring, so far, but it has suddenly turned cool. Crocuses have been pretty, and daffodils and tulips are beginning to bloom.

It seems that I am in the minority, but I am furious over Reagan's bombing of Libya in strict violation of the Constitution and the War Powers Act. What has he accomplished? United the Arab World? Set us up for more terrorism? Given Russia allies? Turned our allies against us? Put us on the level of Khadafy? Please comment. I am shocked that a New York Times editorial approved.

Pam, Abby, and I had a short but very enjoyable trip to Ky. the week before Easter. We spent two nights in L'ville with Louella and two nights in Radcliff with Sue. Abby was a good traveler. The day after we returned, Ralph, Pam, and Abby left for St Louis to visit Pam's uncle and aunt. The little one really got a taste of travel. All

approved of the little Tyke.

Congratulations Col. Scott Ray!
Kentucky Colonel, no less! If I am not
mistaken, Will Brown Ray is also a
Ky. Colonel. Is this not true, Sylvia?
I have really enjoyed reading the
reports of the trip to Japan. I hope you
can go again and also can go to China.

I have heard more about Jettie's trip from
Joe than from Jettie. How about hearing
more from the hoise's mouth?

Jettie, I hope you are feeling much
better than you have felt on the last two
rounds of the Robin. According to a
letter from Joe, you are unable to eat
Mexican food because of diverticulitis.
I am sorry, as I know you like it as
well as I do. This is the first that I
have known that you have this problem.

Celeste, I attended a party last week
where the dessert served was pecan pie
made from maple syrup recently made.
Of course, making maple syrup is a
common practice with Michiganders.
I spent the night in a motel in
Charlevoix (150 mi. north of here) last week.
I was surprised to see buckets on all
of the big maples surrounding the motel,
which is in the center of town. The

maple syrup season was a disappointment in Michigan this year. The weather got warm too early.

Alexandria seems to be intent on doing her own thing. Barbara at that age insisted, "I do my own zippin'" when she was offered help with her snow pants.

Dorothy, I am having problems - but not so serious as yours. My drier is waiting for repairs - and waiting - and waiting. I need to clean house, but the drier and my arm, put on the useless list by too much raking, are delaying the job. I am glad you didn't pay \$600 when \$83 solved your problem. I had a similar case of good luck when I expected to pay \$100+ for a new clock on my stove and needed only a fuse.

Joe and Jettie, I tried to call you a couple of week-ends, but you were not at home.

Sylvia, it is hard to believe that Rob is already in high school. I always liked my freshmen and juniors best. I miss them, but I can't imagine how I ever found time to go to school every day. This life of retirement

is hectic! I seldom have a full day^{4.}
at home. Today I go. Tomorrow I go. Friday I go.

Joe, do you hear from Louise McDonald?
I used to get a note from her at Christmas,
but have not received one the last two
years. My cards have not been returned.
Do you hear from Hilma and the boys?
From the Thomases?

Pam just called me when she was
intending to call somebody else who
has a similar number. She said she
will write her Robin letter and send
it to Emily.

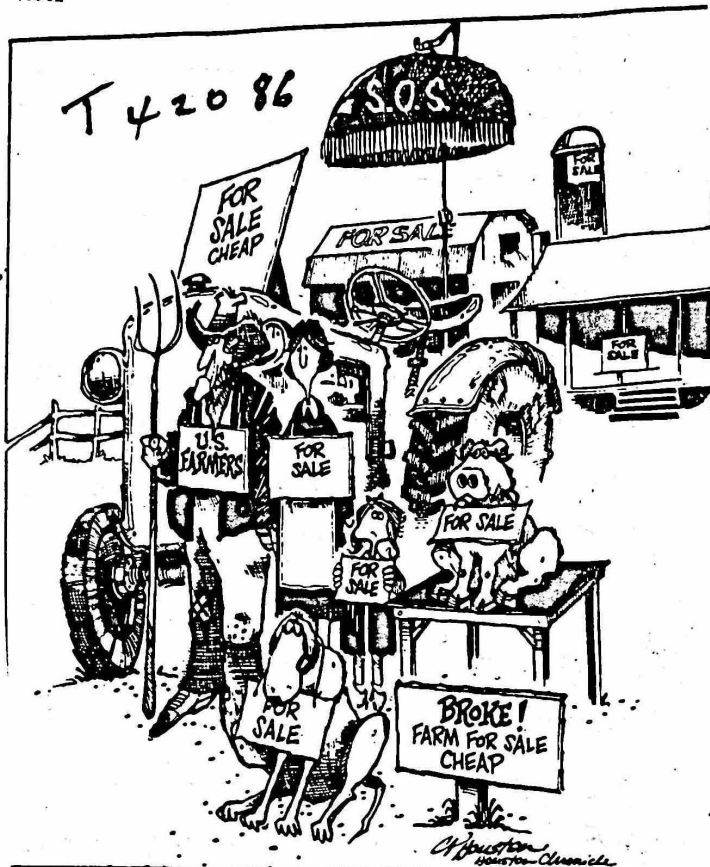
Isn't it great that spring is
here and that everything is new and
green and lush! I feel like turning
over a new leaf! Maybe I'll let up on
Brogan.

Love,

Joanna

Joseph M. Ray
817 University Avenue
El Paso, TX 79902

REGANOMICS
BOOMING
SUPPLY SIDE
RULING
CLASS
BUSINESS
SYSTEM
PERFECT
DEREGULATION



BY STEVE MENDELSON—THE WASHINGTON POST

Michael K. Deaver

Barbie Doll:

On St. Patrick's Day - 1973

I lost interest in my Photo albums. Of late
Relatives, kids, friends & mongers have multiplied.
I looked at them for 3 or 4 pictures because
Bob Eaton plays basketball there & Celeste had
a kidney patient hospitalized there: I find
this: All with TRYING TO WRITE YOU CAN'T
READ MY ILLEGIBLE SCRAWL AND HOW I ~~find~~ THERE
ANYHOW YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED ~~AND~~ THAT
OUGHT TO INTEREST YOU - AT ONE'S WINTER FOR ^{SNUG} SAVVY
WARM. AS CUTE A LITTLE GIRL AS YOU COULD FIND THAT
ADIGAIL COULD WANT FOR A GRANDPA TO BE ^{AND} AS
LOVING A THREE SOME BEFORE EN CANE. I LIKE
FOTTIE & SNUG AS WELL AS OTHERS.

Love, Uncle John



VERBODEN

© HERBLOCK—NEWS AMERICA SYNDICA
'Golly, they just couldn't have been more good-natured—they laughed a great deal'

May 5, 1986

Dear Robin

The sun has truly come back to us, and spring in Minnesota is lovely. It's the wettest April on record (or was - I'm still back in April), and the rivers are flooding. But grass and flowers are lush and lovely.

What a nice collection of letters this round is. Uncle Joe, I hope we can send it around more than twice a year. I tried this time but still have not got it off as early as I planned. I'm watching and expecting things to settle down sometime soon so that there is time to take care of things that really matter, like tending the Robin.

I'm sure Spring has reached everywhere, and it's strange that nature continues in its splendor in spite of the awful things that are happening on this planet. I second Joanna's sentiments to the word. But I hear a lot of statements &

the opposite. By this time yet another tragedy has occurred, in the Ukraine, and that's a topic I have been outspoken on, too, for a long time. There is so much energy readily available now that we are wasting ^{while} running after an expensive and dangerous technology like nuclear power. Chernobyl has illustrated the danger.

On a lighter topic in the news, the expedition that reached the North Pole last week included Josh's track coach from last year, Ann Bancroft. We followed their progress with great interest. Another woman we know who lives in Northern Minnesota had the privilege of caring for the dogs one night on their way back home to Edg, Minnesota. Her son was driving them home from Canada.

Bill is having to pass one more time here, or else the Robin will be even later. It is grant writing deadline time, and his mind is full of those words, not Robin words. Happy Summer, everyone.
Love, Em

Mrs. Joseph M. Ray
817 University Ave.
El Paso, Texas 79902

Sunday, May 18, 1986

Dear Robins;

Needless to say, the Robins seem to get better and better. I'm glad my poor health is better. The "flu bug" or whatever it was that struck me was almost epidemic here. For about three weeks I could hardly get out of bed...at least bed was the only place I wanted to be. Deep chest congestion and a cough that stayed a very long time.

In the meantime, so many nice and good things have happened to me, I've about forgot how badly I felt when I wrote my last note.

^{over}
The note Sally presented to me for my birthday in Nov. was before my ill health, so I'll start a report on it first. I took her up on her offer, but since she had never been to Geneseo, I chose it. We covered many miles and saw much in a long week-end. One day from Scott's to Buffalo. Terrible weather but the Falls were so beautiful...half frozen in a beautiful mist. Our children had seen the Falls on trips from Maryland. Joe and I have done this same tour several times. From the Falls we went up into Canada. A beautiful drive to Niagara on the Lake....a beautiful little town and area. Shops, etc. Had dinner at The Prince of Wales Hotel where we had been several times before. The charge Joe found on his Visa from there was for the cocktails....dinner by Scott and Sally. We had left Scott's house about 10:30 that morning and we were back to his house about 11 that night. I couldn't believe we had covered so many mile and seen so much in such a short time. One night Scott fixed dinner for another couple and us. I keep saying a trip that I take has been the trip of my life, but others keep coming on. *Japan later*

In March we had a wonderful visit from Scott during his spring break. He loves to leave that winter weather and walk into spring. Although we are still having very cool nights Louise Hooker from Beaumont came the day before he was to leave so as to have a visit with him, then she stayed about a week longer. So it was a happy two weeks or better. But tragedy struck her family a few days after she was home. Their 51 year old son and only child died with a massive heart attack! We have all been in shock and numb since.

^{May}
I felt very pappered during Mother's week-end. Flowers and call from Scott. Beautiful potted azalea from Sally and George. Then David and Dorothy took us and Dorothy's mother who is visiting here, her daughter who lives here, her husband and their daughter who lives in Santa Fe and 8 year old son, and Beth to a Brunch that one of our Holiday Inns puts on every Mother's day. Mike, D. and D's 15 year old "declined"! Sally and George invited us to their house, but the others asked us first. And Sally and George needed to have his mother so they couldn't be two places at the same time!

This coming week promises to be more than full so I'm getting my letter ready to mail whenever Joe and Dorothy can get theirs ready.

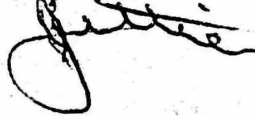
I feel guilty enjoying such good letter from Sylvia, Jack and Celeste and never writing to them. Ruby and Jack would really praise them. I imagine they inherit some from Audry...at least Sylvia and Jack! We miss Bob Tatum. What a wonderful teacher he must be.

I'll enclose a copy of Scott's report of his trip to Japan. It is so much better than anything I could do. And too he was gone 3 weeks and covered more territory than I did. I was one of 10 on my tour called The Stephen Foster Story Fan Club. My roommate was Virginia Chambers, a friend of Scott's that taught two years at Geneseo but is at Toledo University now. All the others in the enclosed picture are from Bardstown or Lebanon except Fran Delaney who lives in Louisville and is the mother of this and last year's Jeanne. The picture was made at Victoria Peak. Our group was so congenial and friendly it added lots to the trip. I'd like to think I can go again, but I'm afraid age has caught up with me! It took me six weeks to get rested from the ten days I had! Loosing those hours from crossing the international date line is KILLING!

I'll rambled enough. I must say it is good to have the pictures of Jo and Abby. I don't see how Abby has gotten so beautiful in just one year...she must have had a good start. She reminds me of Sally at that age! Sally and George stay very busy. Sally has opened a building firm called Sally and George but completely separate from George Thomas Homes and she is building like mad and they sale as soon as they are finished!

Hope all is well with all of you.

Love,





OFF PRINT OF LETTER TO ROB. TATUM WHO
RECENTLY PLAYED D. S. BASKETBALL IN FRANKFORT
The University of Texas at El Paso

May 22, 1986

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, WANT TO FEEL AS IF

JOSEPH M. RAY

President Emeritus

817 University Avenue

El Paso, Texas 79902

AFTER 60 YEARS IF ROB WANTS TO

Dear Rob: I suspect your Mama has told you I planned to send you some pictures of my 1926 prowess at basketball in Frankfort twilight league. It was really not a league but four teams sponsored by and playing at the YMCA; our uniforms were bought and paid for by the car dealers: Chrysler, Buick, Willys-Knight and Chevrolet. The Y selected me, a 1925 graduate of Louisville Male High, with boundless basketball enthusiasm but thus far no noticeable skill at the sport, and then a stenographer in the Kentucky State Highway Department, as one of four team captains to choose among available players, themselves to play, coach, and captain the teams. I myself only a year out of high school, and never anywhere near good enough to make the Male High teams when I was there, knew ineligible high school players better than I did business men players. When I lived in Frankfort the only bridge across the Kentucky River was on the street nearest Louisville, and the YMCA, in which I spent my first Frankfort week and finished Sherlock Holmes's SIGN OF THE FOUR written in Gregg Shorthand which I had purchased from the Bowling Green Business University bookstore for the trip. Soon I moved to Mrs. Smith's boarding house at third and Capitol, down from the Kentucky Capitol, two blocks (by street numbering from the river. I worked in the old State Capitol, beside which Governor Goebel was gunned down in 1900 or 1901, the spot where he bled it out I walked by every day, and walked within a half block on the way home from the Marcus Furniture Store, a Marcus daughter, a beautiful girl whom I had known in Bowling Green Business University and had forlornly asked for dates as students there; but who knew by my table-waiting job my penurious state had other things to do, and a son, older, in the furniture business with Papa Marcus, I think his name was Herman; I wouldn't have thought of choosing him for my team; he was chosen by Chevrolet, which had two former college players, and was the only powerhouse in the so-called league; Shortly before the melodrama I conversed with Herman (I'll call him); I told him in private, just between him and me, that he was the dirtiest and roughest, player I had ever seen. He responded, I just play hard; I said to me it's dirty

(OVER)

The particulars about my own teammates you'll have to use with discretion, if at all.

Best player on the Chrysler team Joe Pat Ireland, letterman from Frankfort High School, ineligible, never heard anything about him again; second best Toady Woodward, he and all the others except ^{he} were ineligible or didn't go out for the Frankfort H. S. team. Never saw him again, but heard he was a high army officer, maybe a general, from West Point.

Third best Screechy Wiard, but number one in the will to win. I was number four, the peerless leader. We played Willys Knight (won all five); Buick (won all five); Chevrolet won only one of five, but they lost to others, so the 11 we won was high in the play off.

We won 5 of our 11 by one point. I can't recall for sure whether the one we won from Chevrolet was by one point, but I think it was; as I recall it the game was winding down and we won it by one point. In one one point game we were three points behind (in those days [1926] one who was fouled while shooting got two free throws.) Screechy was fouled in shooting, & made both free throws, for a total of 4 points & we won by one point. Another one pointer, we were behind by one point I shot a long looper from midcourt, the gun went off, my shot went in, and we won by one. We were the fans' favorite, mainly because we (all but me) were high schoolers, no other high schoolers playing and we gave the excitement they wanted, but 2/3 the way through I nearly lost it all for us. On Chevrolet was a big rough boy named Herman? (maybe it was Heimie) of 26 or 27 and worked in his Jewish father's furniture store. That night we played the first game, and I was in the front row of the balcony watching Chevrolet play. I picked up what the rest of the balcony was ^{YELLING} saying, and when by chance the place got quiet I alone yelled, "Kill that dirty Jew." That ripped it wide open; ten different people moments before were yelling the same thing. Soon I was on the YMCA carpet, as I should have been. Herman was waiting for me at lunch time at the exit of the Old Capitol, beside the bronze star in the sidewalk marking the place where Governor bled to death of an assassin's bullet in 1900 or 1902. He was a burly fellow and would have torn me apart. I reminded ^{him} of a talk we had a few days before in which I told him in not unfriendly fashion I thought he played dirty, and he disputed me and said he played hard and maybe rough, and I responded for me that was dirty. And, I said, you are Jewish, aren't you. And he said, yes, and I'm proud of it. I said I shouldn't have said ^{it} because it has nothing to do with your playing, and I apologize abjectly for saying it. If you knock me down, I'll try to get up and walk away apologizing again. (continued)

I know within reason you can whip me and that's just one of the reasons I don't want to fight you; another I am heartily ashamed of what I said and regret it profoundly, partly because I have got my teammates in trouble. If we must

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
AT EL PASO
817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

The University of Texas at El Paso

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

fight let's do it when I've got more time, because I have a short lunch hour and I've got to eat and get back to work. *** The YMCA director had me on the carpet that evening facing Herman (This the furniture store name was ^{MARCE} ~~David~~'s and also Herman's and Freda's too) and in our meeting I apologized for what I had done, and I asked Herman to admit I had called him a dirty player to his face in good spirit, and he did so, but he admitted it was hard and rough but not dirty, and I said I thought it was dirty, and recalled several times he had fouled out of the game; and I asked him if Freda had told ~~me~~ him I had asked ~~her~~ her for a date (she was a beautiful girl, quite as pretty as your beautiful brown-haired mother) in Bowling Green and when we both were back in Frankfort; we had been in Bowling Green Business University together. In Bowling Green she always had something else to do; either she did, or I wasn't good looking enough, or she knew I had very little money for dates, or waited tables for my food, or didn't date gentiles; three times turned down at least. I asked her again in Frankfort and she told me, no, she liked me quite enough, but it would offend her parents for her to date gentiles and she just couldn't. But that ought at least to provide I didn't hate Jews. And I apologized again and how I felt sorry because I had hurt my teammates. And Herman offered me his hand and the Y Manager warned me hereafter to keep my big mouth shut as a spectator, and I said you bet your boots. They just wanted to mop up the mess, not punish everybody's favorite team, the CHRYSLERS. I still think it was one of the stupidest things I ever did, and that's going some. Only person not satisfied with letting me off was the ^{Chevrolet} ~~Chrysler~~ Captain a 35-year draftsman in my division in the Highway Department, I think it was Duby Wilson. All of this is by recollection from 1926 and this is 1986, sixty years later. But it was a rare time.

I'll give you any other facts I can dredge up if you like.

I suggest if you like if you are again in Frankfurt, or if your Aunt Celeste is and wants to offer this letter and pictures, reserving to check from the newspaper accounts for accuracy; I myself recall what I yelled from the balcony. And I offer in further rebuttal that I don't hate anyone because of his race, that I have had black (over

As President of the U. of Texas at El Paso

4 people for dinner with me at my house; that one of my 76 year-old wife's bridge foursomes has two Jewish members, and that four months ago the son of one of them ^{AT A BANQUET TABLE} arose from his seat to accompany old 78-year-old me (who when he has to go the the men's room really has to go, and if he fell he would make a mess on the floor) to the men's room, right before God and everybody. That man, a wealthy merchant, had heard me say from the pulpit (I guess they call it something else) when I made a speech in their synagogue that I saw in that audience more of my good friends than I had ever seen in one place before in El Paso. There, that ought to do it.

I fear you are doomed for quieter times at basketball, because a son of Bob & Sylvia Tatum is not due to become a whiz in this day of tall players. Love, *Uncle Joe*

P. S. I've heard the old bridge in the enclosed pictures has been demolished, and the bridge is now across the river at Capitol Avenue. I lived at Mrs. Smith's boarding house at Third and Capitol. I don't know whether the Old Capitol where I worked still stands.

May 27, 1986

Dear Robin:

David and I just got back from a walk. He has been off work for sometime now. Came home from work with a high fever and found out he had an infection which has since cleared up but in the process discovered he had a double hernia. So right now he is recuperating and spending a lot of time with his young pigeons. This old bird season he has won two "500 mile" races and in another took third place in a 500 mile day race.

My Mom was here for a visit! For three weeks we did a lot of running to and

for. As I've mentioned we
all went for Mother's Day
Brunch and feasted on great
food and champagne & good company.

When Mom was here she
taught David and I a new
solitaire game. But I must
say its almost impossible
to win.

We had a quiet Memorial
Day weekend. Went to my
sister's for a BBQ Sunday.
Most of the time is spent
around home.

Have a good summer,

Dorothy



The University of Texas at El Paso

May 20, 1986

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

Robin

Joanna, Honey:

Here I set me down to write two letters to Joanna, one for the Robin in answer

to your Robin letter, that is this one; and it is a dandy; I think the whole purpose of

writing Robin letters is to say a pertinent word to each one and to tell about the cur-

rent growth of young fry; all of the rest of us could take lessons from your current

Robin letter. When I'm through with this letter to Jo, I'll write another to be mailed

directly covering my mailing of the May Fagin Traduction. / SCOTT: I never saw a better

nor more economical letter than yours on the Chicken -Selling adventure to Japan. I had

absorbed most of its contents, and if I tried to comment on its details, your Mom would

be outraged by my inaccuracies, fit to be tied; so, I will refrain from details; I have

yet to say something about about the Japanese trip without being peremptorily corrected

on the spot. Notice how proud of you I have become. I have taken to writing to you as

Scott Joseph Ray, nowadays. You are really more entitled to the JOSEPH than I am. ***

JOANNA: I missed mentioning the April 15 snow. I think the good Lord is shaming the whole

passel of us, for taking from Scott's dating of his letter at Christmas to April 15, the

date of yours to get the Ray Robin just that far around. I, for one, am not stalling the

Robin around any more. *** First thing I pulled out of the Robin was a beautiful enlarged

photo of a passel of strangers, flanked by Miss Jettie Pearl and with a pretty Nipponese

demoiselle in the foreground, and a panorama of the opposite side of the world in the back

ground. *** I'm just responding to letters as I grab them: EMILY: I am purging myself, um,

of past performances delaying the Robin and getting it on by, even to the interrupting

of mailing out of the FAGIN TRADUCTION. I've got a direct mail letter to you in that

regard, too. It'll be ther long ere this. Another word to Jo: in one line you say, in

effect, if God is good, as you hope, in some way, you might ease up on Reagan the Fagin;

never, never, never do that; we need you constantly on our side. EM: I remember in Lake

Wobegon the guy whose car stalled (or the ice started cracking) out on the frozen lake

and he lost it, and it was not recovered until years later. It chills me just to read (OVER)

about it (Minnesota weather), though not too cold for ANYTHING; remember that Eisenhower and I were born on October 14. Shame on Bill for skipping the Robin. Bless my soul, the Emily letter I answered I read last January; her current letter is her ^{NR 10/11} ~~old one~~. I'll take it out of the Robin and send it to Barbara. May 5 letter: All I see is wonderful weather in Minnesota. I've written more than 3,600 limericks in the FAGIN TRADUCTION since the 1980 nominating conventions. A sweet nice letter from a sweet nice girl. SYLVIA:

Will Brown once rigged up a bailing wire pulley on a high limb in the big oak tree in our yard, and, showing off to the neighbor hood scaredy-cats, see, Joe's not scared, and he bumped my noggin on the 12 foot high limb and the bailing wire broke and I sat down from the top and I'm sure that's where my ~~disk~~ disk was broken and I had a bad back all my life (and the reason my brain is cracked is the time he hit me with a stick of stove wood. Sally broke a front tooth clean out when she was two and was snuggle until seven. I wrote you about my Frankfort basketball. I'll find a picture of our championship basketball team. I must tell the Robin sometime, the story of my yelling at a rough opponent after our game and during their game "kill that dirty Jew" just when the rest of the YMCA audience got quiet, and the donnybrook that ensued, and my lifelong disclaimer (even though he played dirty and was a Jew) and had a pretty sister I was sweet on. CELESTE: Alexandria pooping out on Sesame Street must reveal much, much activity beforehand. I got a report on the maple-sugaring before; that Joseph A. is another Joseph who deserves the name more'n me; must be wonderful to be married to such resources as he toted around in his many talents. If Alexandria learns to tie a double-bow knot, she's ahead of me for 76 years; I can remember Will Brown working with me (patiently for a change) when I was old enough to remember, for me about six or seven, trying to teach me, and failed with me, and at 78, less than a year ago, after 76 years of single bow knots, I fell into a bowknot double knot. Bless your heart, sweet child, you had not when you wrote in March yet lost still another child. My heart bleeds for you and Joe. SCOTT: I also found another letter from you, written in Pittsburgh and dated February 24, reminds me of somebody's congratulations to you for becoming a Kentucky Colonel, like it was something, hah! I was named Kentucky Colonel, once at the instigation of At. Gov. Roy Owsley, Old Western friend of Ed's (maybe he wasn't acting governor (just at his instigation) and once when in Lexington with old hitchhiking friend Danny Fowler, but I never was named Ambassador of Kentucky Good Will. And I never took 60 or 70 more along (OVER)

with me. I've been correcting my kids' spelling all their lives; "commode" has two m's and carries them both over to accommodations. Rare for you; you could spell "Constantinople" almost as soon as you could pronounce it. Hope FOSTER STORY goes to Pittsburgh; those burghers need some 'culture' and some Kentucky propaganda. Try to let me know in time, so I can try to locate Louise McDonald in and Lib Smiley, whose braying laugh could be heard by the cops trying to quiet our party on 20th Street in Washington before Will Brown and Audrey were even married. I'm sending both your letters to Barb: you, ~~dam~~ dang it, would just throw both of them away, and both of them would embellish Barbara's RAY ROBIN collection. Your Pittsburgh letter is, I think, clearly the best you ever had time to write any of the family. Great! *** Bill Sutter. It hadn't even started Joanna's snow as reported when you wrote. I'll bet the Kentucky kin who saw your cellar stairs tumbling granddaughter, ^{were plenty proud;} /my previous Robin letter, now going to Barb, relates my granddaughter Beth's stairs tumbling in Hoover House; no cuts or even bruises, because stairs Miss Jettie had carpeted; I'm still fully supplied with moduretic & capoten, lucky me. Hope Barb gets re-elected, hope you do, too. El Paso, I think, has never failed to pass a school bond issue. About talking books I know little, but a friend in Carbondale, Illinois (Dr. Ward M. Morton, P. O. Box 1047, Carbondale, Ill. 62903) has lost an eye and can tell you about large print stuff (I think the NY TIMES). He was my UT instructor office mate; Jack Ray visited him at home two or three years ago and they're cordial friends. I almost employed him at the U. of Maryland way back when (theorist) but the stupidest superior (dean) I ever had vetoed it. *** BILL: glad to hear of Laura's Joliet intended. Too little information on Eric's terminally ill car; hope not a wreck. I didn't miss a televised game of the NCAA finals. I graduated high school in Louisville way before those Louisville Papa's had gleams in their eyes. I'm in the same fix as you: my marriage one of the best thing that happened to me. Wonderful letter, about as nearly perfect for the Robin as Joanna's was. *** BABS: It used to be this, but I like it better what Bill calls you lovingly: BARBIE DOLL. Whatever suits the school board member suits me. Honey Girl, please please send me two copies of the ^{PHOTOS} ~~ones~~ in the Robin, only two pictures, the ones of Joanna and Abigail. I use them for bookmarks, and about all I do is read and traduce Fagin; the one I now use most is Alexandria riding black-whiskered Joe piggyback. And I want those two of Joanna (one of my very favorite people) and Abigail. One of my

former graduate students with whom I correspond has a two year old named Luz.
Bonita Abigail Galusha-Luna (Now has a 3-month-old boy named ^{MARCO PAZ} She's of Mexican

extraction, named Socorro Luna, and she gave the Luz Bonita and her anglo husband contributed and uses Abigail. No, Papa didn't die of snakebite. Of course I wasn't

around, but naturally I was interested ^{ed} all my early life in his death. He was in the same ~~business~~ business nephew Joe now is. I have it he was loading a huge log on his

logging wagon, booming it onto the bolster, downhill from the wagon, when the boom pole broke and the log rolled over him, causing a stroke. Mama was there at his death,

and so was I, a seven month foetus inside her; none of the others were there. You can well imagine I was much interested in the details of his death, and there were no copper

heads involved, and I don't think I could have missed them if there were. Will Brown is in pretty good shape, but his wonderful, loving kids have taken to hauling him down to

Kentucky to Sylvia's & Joe's & Celeste's once or twice a year. He's about marked me off his list because I'm too stubborn to accept the rebirth advocated by him and Jerry

Falwell's so-called Christianity and because I stubbornly deny ability to hear his screechy voice on the telephone. He's still the worst ever Reluctant Letter Writer

~~Wicker~~ among us. I sent him a check for his birthday last December 8, and asked him if he wanted a scarlet jacket I was no longer wearing, and another small check for Christmas,

And Glenn was with him for Christmas and talked him into telephoning me for Christmas.

One of the only things I understood in the phone call was his answer to my yelled question did he want the red jacket (One of the best I ever had and in excellent condition) and

he yelled in return, "Oh, Yeah, Sure." I mailed it to him, and wrote asking him to mail an enclosed postal card saying he got it; but I've not received a line from him since then

nor for years before. I still love him; he's my big brother, in some ways the only papa I ever had, but as your loving spouse knows I have hypertension, and I refuse any more to

let it be boiled over on him; someday it may get me, but, dammit, it won't be caused by him. I'll be there in spirit for the 25th anniversary party, since I was a major func-

tionary at Anne Arber (custodian of Cake Knife) for the nuptials. You, along with your Mama and granddaughter, are among my favorite females. In my declining years, I'm learn-

mainly what females are for: they're for loving. *** Jettie's letter didn't say that Sally is busy as a corporation president, and working hard at it; she runs S(ally) & G(eorge)

Builders, their second company to George Thomas Builders, and she can't be away

Love to all

She's working like a Turk.

from the office longer that 3 days & 4 nights.

511 Park Drive
Lebanon, Ky. 40033
June 18, 1986

Dear Folks,

What is so rare as a day in June! This has been one of those few, perfect, humid-less Ky. June days. The majority of the summer here is humid, so a breathtakingly clear, cool day is much appreciated.

Mama and I were enjoying a visit on the porch when our mailman came striding up the walk with the Robin. So we both delved into its contents, pleasantly whiling away another hour.

Mama has more leisure time these days than ever before. She is coping admirably after Ray's death in March. He and she both suffered considerably in his last year. The Parkinson's Disease took him earlier than most. He was a good, kind and gentle man and is greatly missed.

Bob is looking forward to being a delegate to the national NEA (Nat. Ed. Assn.) convention being held in Louisville in July. Also in July

There is a two-week Left institute in which he has been chosen to participate. The two-party system is the topic of the seminar.

Big news about Warren Burger stepping down yesterday.

Enjoyed the sweet photos of little Abby, Pam. I'm sure you're pleased to be now head of the library. (This is a public library, isn't it?) I've never for a day regretted my decision to go into library work. Aunt Joanna, you may not realize that a visit from you and Uncle Ed to our house at the farm in Ohio between my sophomore & junior years in college precipitated my decision to "try out" a few library science courses. I was hooked from the beginning. I had originally thought I'd prepare to teach French & English, but dropped the Eng. major in favor of ^{a possible} library sci. / French majors. I'm quite sure I wouldn't be happy in the classroom, but in 16 years as high school librarian I've never gotten weary of the job.

The next Robin will possibly contain pictures of Laura's Aug. 16 wedding. Love those pictures! I agree with Uncle Joe concerning the fabled Ky. Colonel "titleship." The ease with which ~~practically~~ practically anyone can "earn" Ky. Colonel-ship.

Considerably lowers its elite reputation. All that is required is an acquaintance with a city or state official. I guess a criminal couldn't be inducted into Ky. Col., but just about anybody else can. We know from experience. In Ky. it's pretty much a joke. (Hope I'm not stepping on any toes or bursting anyone's bubbles!)

Does everyone leave in his ^{old} Robin letter for Barbara to remove for keeping? I've always pulled mine; I keep them as a sort of running journal of family events. If they should ever be needed for any reason, I do have mine.

Tomorrow we are taking a little vacation to Natural Bridge State Park in eastern Ky. The children are quite excited, & I'm frantically rushing around trying to get everything ready for the trip. We just decided to do this day before yesterday.

Off goes the Robin.

Love to all —

Sylvia



The University of Texas at El Paso

June 25, 1966

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

Mr. Ted Robinson, Coryell, Iowa 50060

Dear Ted: Flapping my jaw as I always do, I have made impossible to continuing after sixty years, when you were draftsman and I a stenographer. I find it unpleasant to continue our long and delightful friendship; I must call it straight, and let it lie. In the first place I find Ronald Wilson Reagan a total abomination.. He is ~~ruining~~ ^{ruining} our ^{COUNTRY} in most ways, getting into a war of nuclear dimensions that no one can win, and that soon; he has recently declared for the repeal of the two-term amendment for presidents; we've had him too terribly long already. And in the second place, you are a bigot: Jerry Falwell is a bigot, my surviving brother, presidential candidate Pat Robertson is a bigot, the Southern Baptist Convention are ~~bigots~~ ^{bigots}, anyone is bigoted who "is intolerantly devoted devoted to his own church, belief, or opinion," and I have never held to that, and I never shall. This doesn't mean I don't love you and treasure your friendship. We have both made it impossible for our friendship to continue. Either one is enough to ^{CEASE TO} continue cordially: Reagan or intolerance. *** Meese, Falwell, Reagan, the whole kit and caboodle practicing bigotry and seeking to induct our beloved country, directly in violation of our constitution's freedom of religion, its crowning diadem, to a deep-water baptist, bigoted outfit, is no ^{LASTING} friend of mine and can't be. The constitution affords room for Jews, Catholics, Presbyterians, Lutherans, or whatever, so long as they are tolerant of one another, don't try to monopolize their particular paths to heaven. Frankly, I would be afraid to die firmly fixed in your chosen pathway to heaven, Any Jew, Mormon, Christian, or other would. *** No reason to quote from the Bible to me: I read it through twice by the time I was 12, and someone later on gave me a New Testament with underlined passages, numbered in the sequence desired by the giver. I can never accept them or any other like them; just as I can never accept the Koran, the Wisdom of Confucious, Mohammed, or the protagonist of founders of other great religions. They breed brutality, viciousness, turning of old friends like you and ^{me} away from one another, The world-wide terrorism has been with us as much as religions have; our founding fathers,

②

despite their wisdom, didn't persuade even a majority of us to seek to dominate the pack. And Jerry Falwell and the deep-water baptists still try. In our little Broadway Methodist church brewed a hell's own racket one morning in Church when I was ten when my own grand mother starting whooping and yelling, "Glory to God! Blessed Jesus! and such stuff to my horrible embarrassment." I never want to go through it again. At seventeen, at the Burton Memorial Baptist Church on the banks of Drake's Creek, Brother Bruce, in preaching the service at the funeral of Mr. Nichols, who was killed by the severing his leg when his new band-saw broke and cut it off, and none of his men knew enough to tie a tourniquet around his stump, with his wife and young children present, ~~was~~ his pretty little daughter, upon whom I was sweet, entered a tirade: there in his coffin lies Mr. Nichols, who died in sin, didn't find Jesus, and his soul is right now frying in hell. And the tender little daughter I was sweet on heard the vicious old bastard say it all, for thirty minutes. I knelt at the alter of the Fourth Street Methodist Church, ^{W. H. H.} and heard another boy my age uttering imprecations and dirty words under his breath, and was amazed that God didn't smite ^{his} head and thigh right in the midst of it. I had been baptized a Methodist, and so remained. Jettie was a baptized, so we compromised on Presbyterian. In all my years after that I told folks I was a presbyterian. In Tuscaloosa Jettie conspired with Warner Hall, the only preacher of the gospel I ever respect as an equal. He hit me up with her to join his church, after supper one night. I said, "Warner, I would hate to live in a society in which there were no churches doing their good; I ought to give my share to their financing; I have some little kids coming on, and the church is a force for good; Jettie wants me to join. I would if you would like to have me without any of that stuff about being reborn to deal ^{with}." He said he would, and we did, and within a month he got me elected Deacon, and I was in church work over my head. After Tusdaloosa I never met a Presbyterian worth a dime. The Maryland preacher was dull as dishwater, had been there thirty years, and never had a first class idea in his life. The preacher in Amarillo was a capital man, but our common interest was baseball and doggerel poetry; he tried to get me interested in Senator Goldwater, the neo-Reagan, who believed in catering to the big money, and later died as a presbyterian fund raiser. I cynically, there was no other way open to me, made myself useful to the church without taking over some of their work: I had work of my own as president of the college, there and El Paso. Many a Sunday morning I sat through dull



817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

3
The University of Texas at El Paso

Copies to Sylvia
Jack
Joe
W.B.

page 2. Ted Robinson 6/25/86

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

sermon in full torture. Just one cultured man's personal idea as to what a whole passel of people could, should and might like to hear; none of it fit me, and it increasingly became clear this was not where I belonged: it was in El Paso, somebody reminded me that I as a Presbyterian believed in predestination, which I surealy as hell didn't and didn't want to. And our church had a system, for big money, selected one big rich bozo to be the Church's Elder, the number one man, who met alone with the Pastor to make all the big decisions, and they chose as Elder my last active year the church's number (and city's) one banker. I wrote one of my best limericks about him:

A puissant banker named Young
With glistening alloy was hung;
His gonads of brass
Clanged loud on his ass
As paeons of obeisance were sung.

I continued to donate to the church but not to attend, except for \$200 which deducted to send to Nephew Joe (named for Papa and me) Harman's ^{Sister Virginia}

country Methodist church to which for about six or eight years I ~~was~~ annually sent \$200 in memory of my three sisters and brother Ed; I went back when he was diagnosed as having a lung cancer from cigaret smoking; I was moved by the winning prayers in church of some of his parishoners, and figured that money to that little church would do more good than at one run by Sam Young. Some five or six years ago, after Joe's death from bombardment of his lung cancer. *** So my church experience was middling at the very best. *** I have put off all this palaver, out of regard for you. I don't want to cause you pain nor any dissatisfaction with your religion. I want you to get the full satisfaction out of your religion, BUT your religion is not for me and can never be. You can have it; I want you to have it. The bigot, according to the dictionary, is the fellow who feels the other guy hasn't got the right word yet, and has^{got} to get it, or he'll miss out on the golden streets and the pearly gates. I don't need pearly gates, nor golden streets. And if my good done professionally and personally are not enough to ^{earn} ~~earn~~ whatever reward I have waiting for me in the great beyond, then I figure I'm not entitled to it. So long, Ted; it has been good to know and treasure you for these 60 and I wish you all happiness and contentment.

JOE



817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

The University of Texas at El Paso

June 29, 1986

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

Dear Babs:

Overjoyed to get a nice relaxed letter from my lady politician kinswoman.

I think you ought to organize to beat in the next election the other side's most easily defeated with an opponent selected by you, the best you can talk into it. I've a picture on Abby and Jo on my desk. I love her, venturesome enough to take a stroller tumble down the cellar stairs.

Feleccitations and all happiness to Laura. I'm a sort of Cake Nkife godfather to that fine brood you and Bill have brewed, And mighty proud of our joint (assuming pack cake knives have a part) product. Joliet is not too awfully far away. This is your last go around at the wedding business, that is if all remains stable. Somebody else gets the chore on Eric, I suppose.

Love you a lot.

Enclosed is a copy of a letter I recently wrote to a Kentucky State Highway draftsman I knew in Frankfort in 1926k eighty years ago.

It may seem to you pretty rough, but that's the same kick Will Brown was on with me: I sent him a copy of this letter. You have to let them have it when they get hung up on evangelical saving of your soul, when they have none of the weapons of war usually required, and won't quit trying. I love and admire you mightily. I'll be back again with another fruitcake. Em wrote me that she sat down and ate right up one of my fruitcakes from Corsicana.

As ev r,  Uncle Joe.

July 30, 1986

Dear Joe,
MSKEGON, IN
AUG 2 1986

ALWAYS
USE ZIP

Sylvia called a few minutes ago with the news that William Brown Ray died last night in his sleep. I just missed the outgoing mail so you'll be a day later than might have been in hearing. I haven't been out of El Paso in several years, and might not have gone if I could have. He was a vicious man in many ways, and I want no part of him. You can find out details from Sylvia if you want; no real good reason for either of us to be at his funeral.

Joe

Born in 1900, would have been 87 on Dec. 8.

8286
Em, Horey:

Thanks for the beautiful card of the Bay Bridge. All I
ever get to see is depicted hereon. Will B. Ray died in
his sleep; ^{LAST WEEK} a nice quick way to go. No fuss nor feathers;
he and Jesus had it all arranged, and, barring a hassle
over bigotry it went off smoothly. I hope so/ I haven't
been out of El Paso in six years or so. He would have been
87 on this coming December 8. We were estranged over his
efforts to save my soul a la Jerry Falwell & I couldn't
go that way: may not go at all; we'll see. *Joe Jelf*

August 18, 1986

Dear Robin,

I am enclosing parts of 2 old Robin letters that I found while cleaning out a closet in Dad's house recently, which you may have missed seeing 12 years ago. There are 2 sections: the first contains letters from Dad and Mom in January 1973, and the second section contains letters from Sylvia, Dad (2), Pam, and Barbara in early 1974. I'm not sure what happened with these letters but I hope they all made the Robin circuit before ending up in Dad's hall closet. The first section probably represents Dad + Mom's "pulled" letters from the 1972-73 Robin, but the second section includes 2 of Dad's pulled letters to which he apparently inadvertently attached Sylvia's, Pam's, and Barbara's letters. In any event, this long overdue bird may finally make its round after an extended 12 year stop-over in an Ohio Twilight zone.



Love,

Jack

Joseph M. Ray

8 23 86

BARBIE,

THE ATTACHED WAS SENT TO ME
A JACK'S MAIN CONTACT WITH THE
ROBIN. I COULD KEEP THE AND TRY
TO REMEMBER THE SPECIAL WHEN
THE ROBIN COMES NEXT, BUT
~~THE~~ MY DESK IS A HAZARD. I
DARE NOT KEEP JACK'S LETTER
WHICH COVERS THE LOST ROBIN
LETTERS HE FOUND IN BROWN'S HOUSE
AFTER HE DIED. THESE ARE CERTAINLY
NOT THE ONLY ONES HE LOST — JUST
THE ONLY ONES REDISCOVERED. NOTE
IN ONE IN WHICH HE DEFENDS NIXON
JUST BEFORE HE WAS FORCED TO RESIGN
UNDER THREAT OF IMPEACHMENT.

Joe



The University of Texas at El Paso

September 3, 1986

817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

JOSEPH M. RAY

President Emeritus

To three Robins: ^{Disagree} Correction: I saluted Scott, Sylvia, and Emily and then thought better of it: I think first I should send back the old letters and get Barbara to work to work getting ~~her~~ ^{the work} getting some Ludington letters to put with those three and send it on. No disparagement of you, Emily, Honey, but you screwed it up royally when you brought it away from Michigan with no letters. Without Joe & Celeste and Michigan (four or five usually) and with Laura's wedding to report on and her and her new husband maybe in it, it is like washing your feet with your socks on. I will just hold it ~~he~~ ^{hold} until Barbara gets some Ludington letters on to me. Maybe Joanna could do the job, Barb, if you're too ~~busy~~ ^{usual} busy. Scott, Sylvia, and Em wrote their/excellent letters, but none of them make up a Robin; and others down the pike would ^{not} disagree, with nothing from Ludington to respond to or answer in their own letters. I think I remember seeing Abby's pictures before. And no pictures with her parents or grandparents. I know Jo isn't bashful about posing in such company, and it's noble of them in abnegation to leave it all to great grandmama, but I here and now am asking Joanna to step aside one time and let grandma and grandpa ^{and} ~~and~~ mama and papa have one turn apiece. Abby's really a doll. I'm returning the robin-enclosed photos, and if they have not been around the robin's whole route, send them back (along with some wedding photos if they're available yet. Celeste & Joe will have Greece to write about, Scott will have the plans a year~~2~~ away to return to Japan, with~~x~~ two heavywegght sponsors already on deck.

(AND Sylvia WBR's FUNERAL)
I'll not even make a stab at answering SJF, SRT, and ERM until the Ludington letters are in hand. Barbara, everybody has now seen the stuff (letters & photos, I think), so put them in your files. Also, Barbara, return this blurb with the Ludington letters, so they, down the road, can understand from Em's and this wha' happen.

Love,

Joe

Uncle Joe



817 University Avenue
El Paso, Texas 79902

The University of Texas at El Paso

September 23, 1986

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

Dear Robins:

Em made a quite natural mistake at Ludington by picking up the ROBIN, thinking it was ready to mail to her (at the time of the recent wedding) and taking it home with her, but the Ludington letters were from the last round and no new Ludington letters (she didn't read it until she was back in Minnieopolis) she mailed it on to me; I was the first to read the truncated Robin, and YECH! I wrote to Barbara, pleading for make-up letters; instead, Jo wrote Jettie and me a personal letter catching up on the news, so we'll ~~not~~ be void except for what Em reports on her visit at the wedding. Em's letter was already here when Jo's came. Barb, when Jo's letter comes back to Ludington, file it as a substitute Robin letter, since all the rest of us have ~~from~~ Ludington, this round. We and the rest of us will have read it as the Ludington contribution. *** Scott, your letter was written from Bardstown on June 17. The rain during rehearsal must have been a disaster, with all the 28 new cast members, and with opening night rained out. Good news about a repetition of the trip to Nippon. Any more news? *** Sylvia, your letter is dated June 18; your Mom coping well; Bob planning to attend as delegate to National Education held in Louisville; I ran the Taft Institute at U. T. El Paso for three or four years before retiring from teaching. Had a big time giving Nixon hell in his last years before decamping for good. His defenders outnumbered the white people considerably, and they were shocked when he was run off, before the summer was over, but they never apologized for rebellion against the gospel I preached at them. Eleanor loved library work; she was librarian in Dundalk, Maryland (other side of Baltimore) when cancer laid her low, and I drove through (long way and before freeways) and I drove over to see her most of one year, after work once a week. I had previously written one of my Maryland brochures, IMPROVING GOVERNEMENT IN DUNDALK (it was an unincorporated part of Baltimore County, a highly populated County). Roy Owsley, Acting something in Frankfort, made me a Kentucky Colonel while I was at UTEP; Roy was a college friend of Edward Marshall Ray. Then when I visited my old hitchhiking buddy, Danny Fowler, in Lexington, he came up with another one from his Republican friend Ruby Laffoon. Neither one ever

put any potatoes on the table. One of the boys at the Dean's office a UTEP
(Dean of Students) ^{AND I} still call one another Colonel when we see one another. Only one that
ever amounted to anything as a Ky. Col. was Shirley Temple. I receive a new card every year.
Right; you just have to be criminally unknown. *** I mail our El Paso letters (and Scott's
to Barb each round. She took the old ones when she and Bill Sutter were here several years
(Sylvia)
ago; reminds me I promised ~~Bar~~ you old Ray pictures of the numerous Will B. Ray relicts
^{OF THE FAGIN TRADITION}
Got to get at it as soon as the September edition is behind me. You with nothing else ~~you~~
to do are cramming in a trip to Natural Bridge State Park. & Ungh! *** Emily, Honey:
It WASN'T the right thing to do, taking the Robin home with you before any one had written
in it. It develops that writing a letter for a Shanghaied Robin ~~is like washing your feet~~
feet with your socks on, neither ~~hygienic~~ nor fun. We'll get more reports on the wedding
you attended in Ludington. Your report had unique sidelight of the attendance of teen agers
at wedding of a kin. Your comment on Sally's corporation. She's married into a rich family
all expecting and making big money in her own right that nobody can complain about; she's got
to like it. Times are looking up for the young, what with our great grandson, ^{CHRISTOPHER} Joe & Celeste's
Alexandria, and the new doll, Abigail. *** Joe & Celeste will be back into the next Robin;
they were in Greece with Celeste's sister when Will B. died and the Robin was in Kentucky.
*** Joanna, good to have first hand word from a Philippine missionary. Eight inches of rain
in 24 hours is really wet. No wonder at detours with that much rain. I conclude the bridge
connects Northern Michigan with downstate. But 29 Sutters! I don't know that many, even
with kin Abigail. It's not in me to criticize ~~for~~ Barbara for staying busy at school board.
*** Sylvia; give us a good report on Brown's passing, I've given upon that "Bill" crap; it's
within the rules for me to revert to Brown, which he was all my life, and Uncle Brown was so
much more than Uncle Willie in some ways. *** We're doing pretty good, but yesterday Jettie's
glaucoma on her right eye shows sign of needing removal and a transplant, she goes in next
week; but she pooh, poohs ^{out of it} the sermons nowadays, may not even stay in hospital overnight.
I'm steadily more ready for what my favorite whodunnit writer calls the Green Ripper, but
no complaints but a right shin that keeps getting ~~her~~ knocked on and won't heal up; just
outdid a course of cure, but still trying; can't steer a steady and true course between
things that skin it up. Hope Scott's coming Christmas, we hope. See less of Sally since
creation of Sally & George, Inc. Had some time last month with our Great Grandson.
With eye trouble, Jettie might not write this time. Love to Outers & Inners, *de*

I couldn't bear to look at THEM since 1972-1973 when we
lost Gilda, Ruby, & Ed in 11 months.



Nov. 24, 1986

Dear Robins,

Not a great deal to report. The summer ended well. The attendance rose about 5%, so we were pleased. No word at present on return trip to Japan. Of course, we very much hope something will break. We all want to go back!

Finished my Fall musical, "Pippin" last week. It went very well. A fine cast, good sets, costumes, & lighting.

Many very good comments about the show. We were all generally very pleased with it.

Talked to Mom & Dad yesterday. Their health situation is improving daily.

Happy Holidays & 1987 to
all!
Scott

Dear Robin:

I've had the Bird for two weeks now so high time I get it on the way.

Joanna, you mentioned the family reunion at the bridge. My Uncle Dick melted the steel that went into the Mocking Bridge. Have never been over the bridge itself but have been across to the island several times. Beth and M. he were both impressed with it. Also they love Indian Lake at Manitowish.

Jettie has come thru her eye surgery with flying colors. It didn't take her long to start running. She has to wait to get her new glasses so has trouble with reading.

Her eye gets tired DOROTHY
Beth is now attending ~~interior~~
design school and loving it.
She's kept busy with her school
work and working at the car
wash (of all things!).

David has started the young
bird race season. That and watching
football. Pleased to see that the
Bears are doing well. Hope they
go all the way again.

Michael wishes that he could
snap his fingers and school would
go away. And me I'm up to the
usual. Have been training David's
birds for him one day a week.
Still volunteer at the public
library one day.
Have to all

P.S. Robin still here. Joe had
surgery on his shin. So now on way to
recovery. Hope to see you at Emma's
30th

511 Park Drive
Lebanon, Ky. 40033
December 9, 1982

Dear Folks,

Slim Robin this time, but always welcome, of course.

Afesterday Dad would have been 87. He lived a long life, in good health, and lived it precisely as he wanted most of the time. He had not been ill before he died in his sleep July 30. He had been failing somewhat in the past year, & we didn't think he should try to spend another winter by himself at the farm. Glenn had been investigating getting him an apartment nearer him & Sonya this winter. But Dad, ever the independent, do-it-all-himself character, would never have been satisfied confined in an apartment, with no fields to roam & crop plantings to contemplate. That would have been cruel & unusual punishment for him.

Dad was buried on a gloriously beautiful summer day on top of a hill overlooking the high school where he taught for several years, a few miles from the farm in Malaga, Ohio. The

pleasant summer breeze that afternoon
made me think of how optimistic he'd always
been, even looking to the future, never backwards.
I couldn't be too sad. If he could have
chosen his finale, this would have been how he
would have done it.

Love,
Sylvia

Don't want it

Back Joe

B. G. Ky.
Dec 16 - 86

Dear Joe & all:
"Merry Xmas"

We are all able to get around. Louise had her right knee cap replaced in April and is getting about real good, drives her car, & goes with me to Nashville to the Dr. ever two or three weeks. I had a Colon Tumor removed in Aug. at St Thomas which was benign, and I am an ~~enema~~ ^{neuritis}. so I have to go to Dr. to be checked.

Rena had a stroke June 3 and is now going around on the walker in the house by her-self. Her mind is as clear as a bell, she was 82 The first day of last Sept. It sure keeps me busy getting ever thing done. I sure miss Rena's help, I have had to wait on her hand & foot until now.

Louise said she just couldn't write for she is so nervous & shaky, but she gets about real good but doesn't walk very far but does her cooking & drives to the Laundry & grocery.

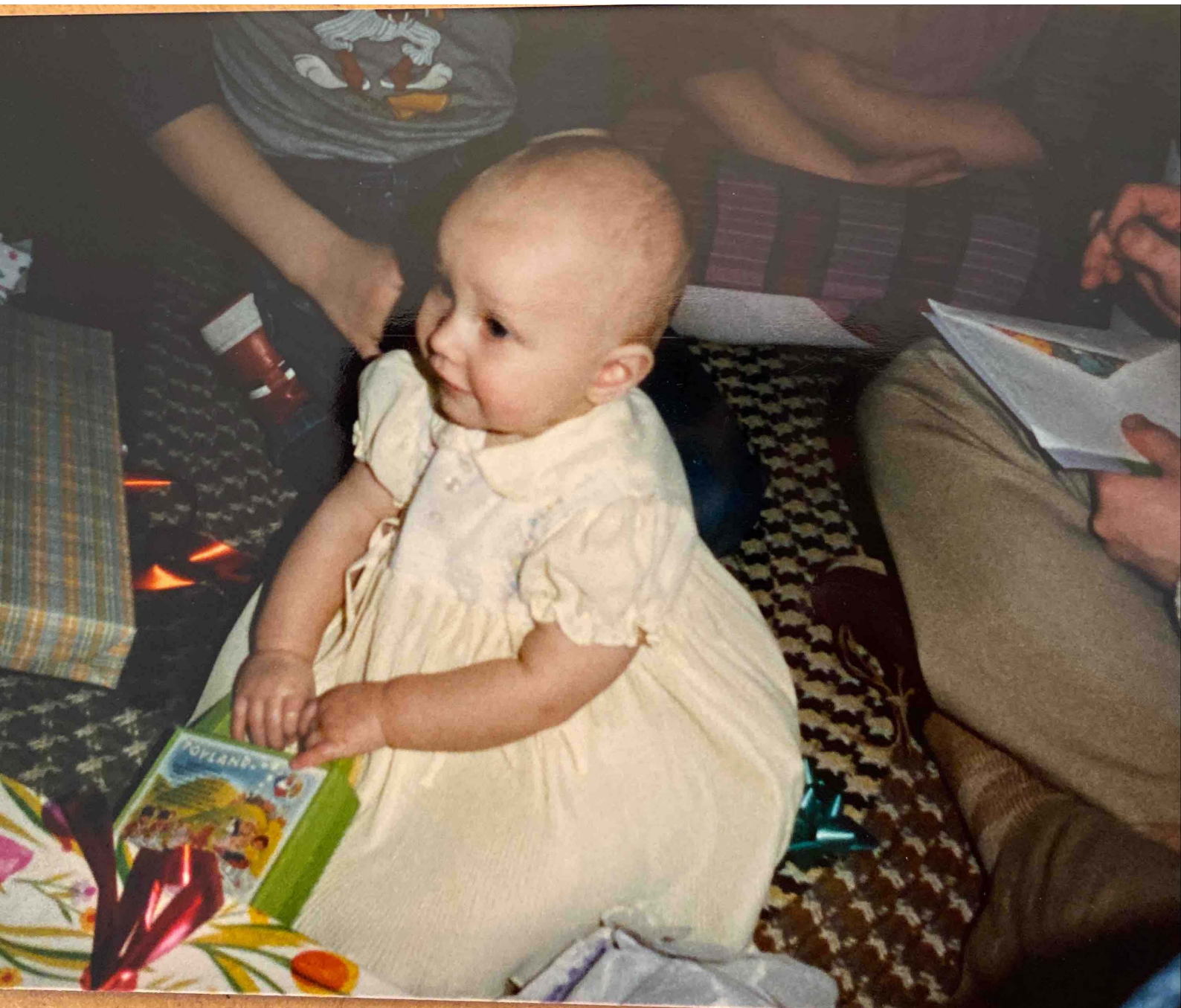
Jeff was by Sun. that's about the second time he has been this summer.

Our temperature was 48 today.
Had some rain last night + look
for some to - night + to - morrow,
Have had around 7 inches of rain
in the past few weeks.

Johns middle son John Jr.
owns the farm granddaddy has,
lived on and built a big two
story brick home there + moved
down here from Louisville, Ky.
Jim the youngest boy lives with
Rena + I. - he has been with
us for 27 years. Johns oldest
boy William Field ^(UNCLE WIL) Jr.
teaches school in Dayton, Ohio.
The National cash register.
He also flies to N.Y. - Calif - Chicago
and sees that their machines are
installed right in the Big Banks.
Johns daughter Mary Jo has retired
from teaching commerce subjects
in the schools in Lexington, Ky.
+ she lives there now.

Jeff's as skinny as ever.
I am setting in the middle of the
bed writing. Love,
Elizabeth











The University of Texas at El Paso

JOSEPH M. RAY
President Emeritus

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El Paso, Texas 79902

DR. WM. FRED SUTTER
LUD., Miss A. (SOL DEXTER)
49431

DEAR WILLIE FREDDIE:

YOU DIDN'T KNOW I'M A FIRST CLASS
SMARTASS, DID YOU?

ALSO I'M IN THE FULLEST SUPPLY OF MY
MOST EXPENSIVE MEDICATION ONCE AGAIN
OF ANY SEPTUAGENARIAN IN TEXAS —
THIS TIME A DOUBLE WINDFALL.

SCOTT IS HERE FOR HIS ANNUAL EASTER
VISIT. IN 1966 HE FLEW FROM ROCHESTER TO
WASHINGTON TO WITNESS TEXAS WESTERN COLLEGE'S
WINNING THE NATIONAL BASKETBALL CHAMPION-
SHIP AT U. OF MD AT COLLEGE PARK (RUBY
FLEW FROM NEAR ATLANTA AND SALLY FLEW
FROM AMARILLO TO HERE WITH US & THE TEAM
TO WASHINGTON) & HERE 20 YEARS LATER WE'VE
ENJOYED THE NCAA PLAYOFFS UP TO THE
SELECTION OF THE FINAL FOUR TOMORROW —
ALREADY HAVE LSU & LOUISVILLE.

MY TYPEWRITER IN THE SHOP. THIS IS
HARD WORK.

DID YOU GET THE (FAKE) (FRUIT) I ORDERED?

JMR

from

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO

JOSEPH M. RAY

H. Y. Benedict Professor of
Political Science

My heart is warm with the friends I seek,
And better friend I'll not be knowing;
yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take
no matter where it's going.

(This is a stanza from an Edna St. Vincent
Milley poem. Fits pretty well to a T.)

Ca. 08-1986

LOUISE T. RICHARDS

1053 Magnolia Ave.

BOWLING GREEN, KY. 42101

Dear Joe and Jettie;

It was so sad to hear about Will Brown and the way we heard was Larcille told Ruby your sister-in-law that he had died and was already buried. No dates ^{no} now nothing are anything. I for one would like to know when and if he had been sick or was it very sudden and where was he buried. Maybe Glenn could tell me but I don't know his address after all he was one of my cousins and I certainly would like to know. Last Christmas I sent him a Christmas card and a note he seemed to appreciate it so much, I still have the letter he wrote me.

I hope you are well and have a good Christmas.

DON'T WANT BACK Jc
(over)

We are all doing very well
Rena and Beth are some better but
not to hot, Time is just catching
up with us. I have ~~head~~^{knee} pains
back pains shoulder pains and
neck pains and have to walk with
a cane but I am glad to still be
here.

Wish you could come see us so
we could talk things over, I think
of you ever day and remember how
thoughtful you have been.

Lucille still likes her drinks and
everyone that knows her talks about
her going to the dogs. She asks Ruby
nearly ever time she sees her if she
thinks she looks like she is 80 years
old she goes to see Ruby ever Sunday
afternoon but she hasn't been to see
Rena + Beth for a long time says
she is just so busy.

As Always

Louise Richards